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THE
PLEASURES OF HOME,
AND OTHER POEMS.

By SAMUEL SALKELD, OFFICER OF EXCISE.

LLANGOLLEN.

"Oh, 'tis sweet to retire from the world and its wiles,
"And renounce all life's idle inducements to roam.
"To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,
"And centre our joys in the circle at HOME."

SHREWSBURY:
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PLEASURES OF HOME,
AND OTHER POEMS.



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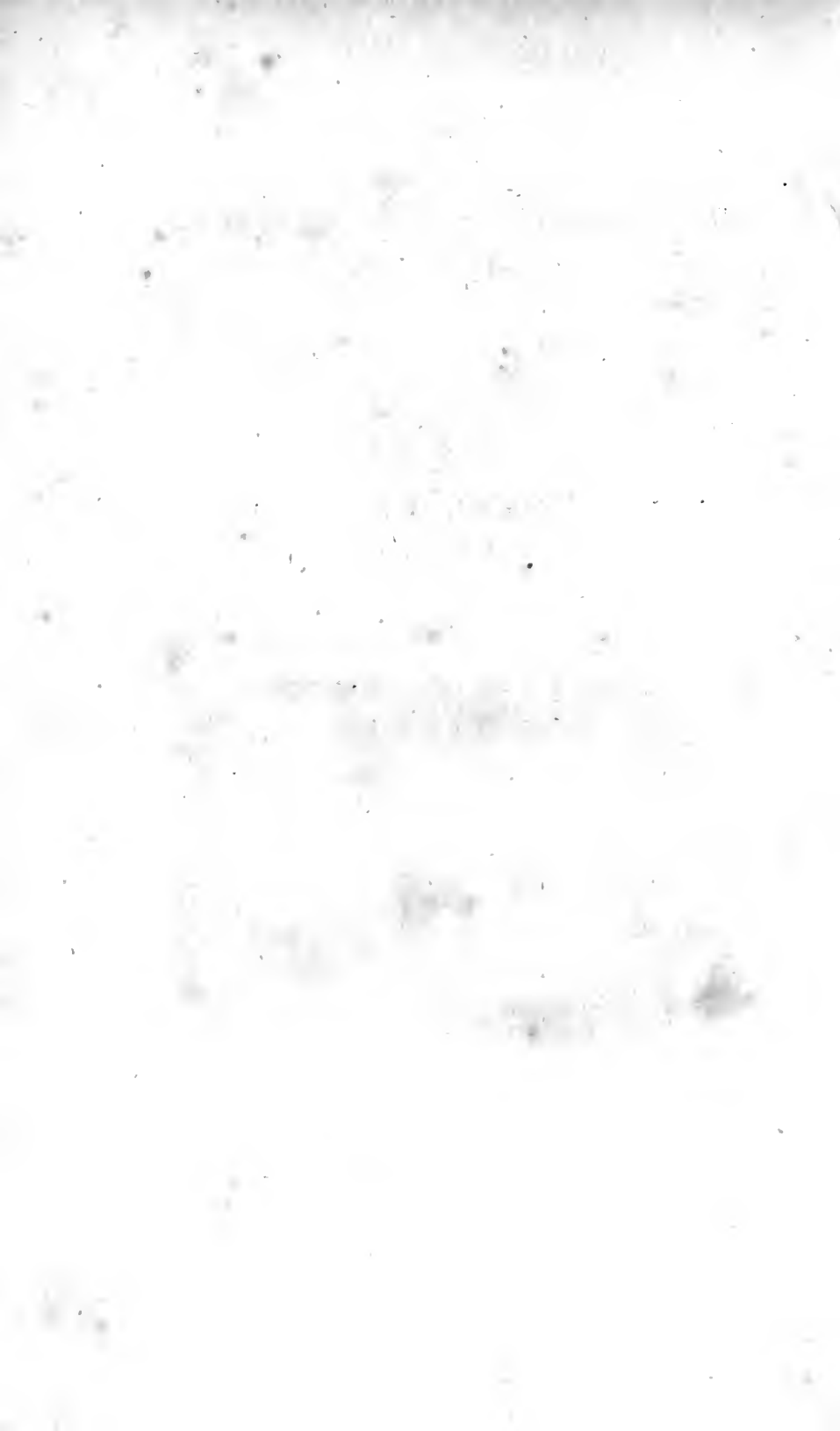
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OFFICER OF EXCISE, LLANGOLLEN.



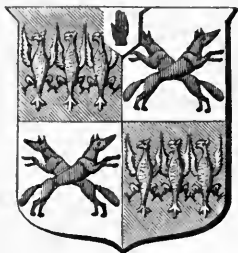
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DEDICATION.



TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,
BARONET, M.P.

Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Denbigh.

SIR,

TO you, who have so kindly permitted me to make use of your name in my dedication, I would now offer my most grateful acknowledgments, trusting, with becoming deference, that the sentiments blended with the following pages may be deemed not unworthy of it.

It is at all times a gratifying circumstance, while the sword is in its scabbard, to behold the rising youth of a nation strong in the pursuit of useful science and literature, at the same time cultivating

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in the lap of domestic enjoyment the smiling arts of peace, benevolence, and industry; but wider, much wider, Sir, are those pleasurable feelings disseminated when we see the humbler walks of society cherished with the bright rays of encouragement from the portals of high station and illustrious places.

It is from this feeling, emanating from a GROSVENOR and a DEVONSHIRE, that we are indebted as a nation for the ornamental and immortal names of a GIFFORD and a KIRK WHITE. It is from this feeling among her nobles that the kindling spirit of the Principality now glows with such literary ardour, and that the blue of her Cymrodorian sky sparkles with so many young and interesting spanglets.

That your Honour may long live to adorn the Institutions of CAMBRIA, formed for the nurture of genius, and to receive the blessings of a grateful Cymry, is the fervant prayer of

Your Honour's most obliged

Humble and obedient Servant,

SAMUEL SALKELD.

P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH some of the poems constituting this work have already received the stamp of public approbation, it is, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I thus venture to appear before the public in the character of an author; and this feeling is much augmented when I consider how very few have appeared with advantage in that character whose time has not been solely devoted to it: and more especially when I look at my own individual case, where the opportunities for study and research have principally been snatched while traversing the beautiful vallies on the borders of Shropshire on the one hand, or while scaling the mountains of Cambria on the other.

It must be gratifying to the feelings of every individual, of whatever profession, to meet with the approving smile of the discriminating few; this has hitherto been my fortunate, though perhaps undeserved, portion; and, united with the illustrious patronage which has so unexpectedly dawned upon me, must not only operate as a potent stimulus to grateful reflection, but as a strong incentive to present improvement and future exertion.

With regard to the time chosen for publication, the present appears to be highly favourable for a production of this description—now that the public mind is fast settling down from a condition of high excitement to its wonted state of social intercourse and domestic repose, and, at this particular period, when the Laureats of the day have descended as it were the brow of Parnassus, and betaken themselves to the more prolific regions of history and biography: It is when the monarchs of the river retire into the deeps, that the “smaller fry” may venture forth with safety, and disport themselves in the streams.

I now present my little volume to the public, trusting with respectful confidence that it will be received as the mineral is received from the miner by the hand of the smelter, whose calculating view is to extract the richer and purer parts for his more immediate and remunerating purposes, and not to cast aside even the dross itself while the remotest prospect remaineth of reducing it to the designs of utility.

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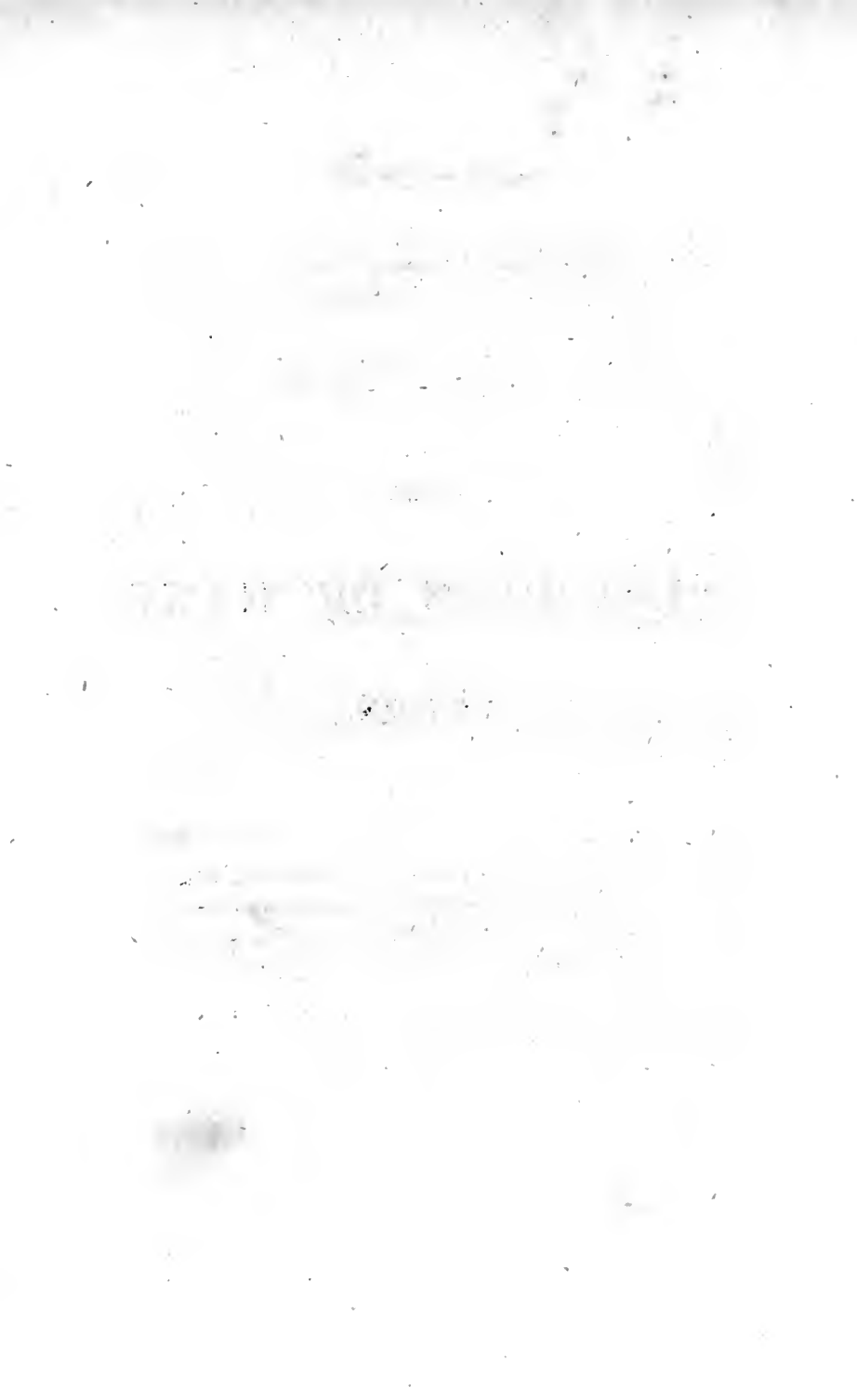
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THE
PLEASURES OF HOME.

A POEM.

“ Oh, 'tis sweet to retire from the world and its wiles,
“ And renounce all life's idle inducements to roam ;
“ To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,
“ And centre our joys in the circle at Home.”



THE
PLEASURES OF HOME.

POESY awake, and with thy latent fire,
The eager ardour of the muse inspire.
Rich with thy treasures charge her venturous wing,
As bees are trusted with the sweets of Spring.
Lo! wide diffusing with their *Campbell's* name,
“Hope’s Pleasures” groan beneath their weight of
fame ;

While with her *Rogers*, “Memory” hastes to trace
The glowing beauties of her early place ;
Where every eve and every dawn of light,
Bring on their gales some whisperings of delight ;
And where each scene with wonted beauty rife,
Yields its first pleasures to a well-spent life.

Oh, Life ! if thus an unexpiring ray
Breaks on thy path, then bless the poet’s lay, }
That points its fires, and warms thy transient day. }
And thou, the genius of that cheering glow,
Teach every heart its benefits to know ;

While with that harp, again to rapture strung,
Thou wak'st the strains of pleasures yet unsung.
Go, child of wealth, if such thy taste may be,
Increase the blaze of gorgeous revelry ;
Ride with the foremost of the bounding course,
Bestud with gold the trappings of thy horse ;
Give to the rout thy patronizing aid,
Adorn the waltz and sportive gallopade.
Pursue the gleam of Pleasure's gilded ray,
Be stars and midnight firmaments thy day ;
And let the eye of Sol's meridian light
Behold thee pillow'd on the couch of night.

Such to the world's broad, wondering gaze may shine,
But such, I ween, would form no joys of mine.

Splendour apart,—O place me by the cot,
And nigh the streams of that heart-drawing spot,
Where my day dawn'd, and where my infant feet
First ran a mother's anxious arms to meet ;
Where romp and frolic, river sports and play,
Compos'd the pastime of my boyish day.
Thrice happy theme ! and happier yet to tell,
That the young fires of Home's endearing spell,
Through a long train of ills, and harrowing pain,
Still unextinguish'd as at first remain.
E'en thou, who, reinless as the tempest's sweep,
Encounterest life's precipitating steep,

Tearing asunder many a tie of good,
In Dissipation's overwhelming flood ;
E'en thou, when wreck'd, and from thy orgies cast,
Unpitied, spurned, and shivering in the blast,
(If yet some feeling for a parent's rest
May start compunction in thy yielding breast,)
E'en thou, returning to thy home's employ,
Again may'st smile, again may'st hope for joy.

Hail, peerless spot ! by industry and love
Form'd every spring of social bliss to prove.
Here friends shall meet around the cheerful fire,
Unmarr'd by pomp, or petulant desire ;
While from the fount of unrestrain'd discourse,
More genuine wit, more intellectual force,
In the brief compass of an evening flows,
Than many a haunt, or boasted banquet knows.
There, oft in fumes the brilliant thought is born,
Blazes awhile, but sickens with the morn :
Here, morning opening placidly, or wild,
Sees father, mother, brother, sister, child,
In sweet assemblage round the window meet,
Her early smile or tempest-rush to greet.
Noon marks their joy and ripening concord rise,
As the sun strengthens in the mid-day skies,
While every hand their willing aids devote,
The general weal and interest to promote ;

Corrected still by that unerring square,
A father's counsel and a mother's care.
Eve, cloth'd with beauty from the dazzling rays,
And streaking light of Sol's departing blaze,
Sees, as he sinks adown the western sky,
The day's employment, with its cares, laid by;
Marks the young offspring with their satchels run,
High flush'd with glee, to tell of laurels won,
Or breathing quick, nigh terrified, and pale,
Recount the wonders of some new-learned tale;
Beholds the mother start the fire-flame bright,
Till all around is glittering with its light.
The father, strictly mindful of his hour,
And the strong impulse of example's power,
Seated amid his home's light-hearted mirth,
The most entire, the happiest glee on earth,
Hears, at her parting, streams of blessings shed
On every land, on every human head:
While to their HOPE, their anthem voices raise
One grateful song of soul-dissolving praise.

Ah, how unlike the peace-consuming blast,
Forth from the eye of rage tyrannic cast!
How different from the fault-reviving theme,
The drunken bluster, and the midnight scream,
The haggard look, the self-brought threadbare mien,
The scowling flash of penury and spleen!

Hark ! there are sounds which of devotion tell ;
Heard you the chiming of the sabbath bell ?
Creation now seems hush'd with man of rest,
Like a child slumbering on its mother's breast.
Commerce stands still, the ear no harshness meets
From the thick thunder of the rattling streets ;
The farm-yard now assumes a quiet mien,
The flail lies dormant by the hush'd machine ;
Nor is there heard the heavy sounding cracks
Of the loud carman's whip, or woodman's axe :
Silence pervades the sacred scene around,
Save the grove music, and the milkpail's sound.
Now, where the sweets of home delights are spread,
A hallow'd unction round the abode is shed,
And some new joys, just issuing at their gate,
The happy inmates of its walls await.
Look at the neatness of that lowly spot,
And know its beauties bring no sabbath blot ;
Each shining steel which now the fire-wings' grace,
The night before had found its chosen place.
See the fair group, clad with the hand of care,
Moving in order to the house of prayer :
The children, differing but a step in size
And rang'd devoutly, glad their parent's eyes.
Behold them through the sacred portals go,
Each step bespeaks a reverential awe.
Seated, observe there's no imperious glance,
No vacant stare, or prying look askance :

Bow'd with the awful stillness of the place,
A solemn dread sits mark'd on every face.
Deep opening hear, the organ, rapturous, vast,
Heaven's mighty praise rolls rushing in the blast ;
In unison their heart-taught voices rise,
And blend their honours with the smiling skies.

Ah ! where art thou, child of misfortune's birth,
Lone, houseless, homeless, wanderer of the earth ?
Where are thy joys ? what comforts dost thou know ?
From whence, alas ! must thy poor pleasures flow ?
What spot beholds thee to thy book betake,
Or hears thy lonely orisons awake ?
Ye, who have never with misfortune striven,
Who daily bask beneath the smile of heaven,
Oh, let that smile a sister kindness teach,
And let its rays the lair of suffering reach ;
Be yours the channel where the kindred blood
Of bounty pours its philanthropic flood.

Now o'er the meads, and on the beds of flowers,
The spring clouds drop their germ-awak'ning showers,
The hedge-rows laugh, with op'ning verdure crown'd,
And blossoms, bursting, breath their sweets around,
Light fly the life-stirred people of the wing,
And with their song the ravine echoes ring ;
The warming sun his cordial influence sheds,
And earth, arous'd, her varying produce spreads.

Now let us to the garden work repair,
To taste the pleasures emanating there ;
And in the abundance of the mind's employ,
Say, where is bliss less mingled with alloy ?
Here, while your bride some floral work finds out,
And blithe your children romp the walks about,
With joy you contemplate the faithful seed,
And check the progress of the noisome weed ;
Or trim the hedge, or form the sheltering bower,
A screen from heat or sudden-falling shower ;
Or watch the bees in busy numbers dwell,
A moment probing every opening bell,
Till charg'd at length with treasures for the comb,
They bear the product of their labours home.
Summer arriving, when the foliage gay,
Appears in full magnificent display,
You, joyous, gather from the garden store
A rich return for all your pains before.
Glad, flickering run your little ones to cull
The ripening berries from the branches full ;
As eager oft their little eyes will roll,
O'er the ripe stone-fruit on the towering wall.
Or should you find, within the thicket's breast,
The cunning harbour of the nestling's nest,
How will they round their happy parent leap,
To gain a fluttering, gratifying peep !
And when the year is ripe, and plenty's hand
Fresh life diffuses thro' a smiling land ;

When the shorn sheaves the merry reapers bind,
And every tree is teeming with its kind,
Then view the home-glanc'd sun-rays of delight,
The nimble footstep, and the joy-lit sight.
Observe the orchard with a group of love,
Watching their store come showering from above,
The red-cheek'd apples vieing with their own,
And then the mirth-shout at some fruit-crack'd crown.
These, these are joys, though sometimes sung before,
Hope smiling hears, and seems awake for more.
Yet think not that a sordid feeling brings
The bliss arising from those ample springs :
It is not that your own alone shall share
The bounteous fullness of the fruitful year ;
The mind that can with grateful feelings bow,
Knows all the influence of their impulse now.

Rise, glowing muse ! with renovated song,
Urge thy advancing energies along.
Lo ! fresh delights, and pleasures ever new,
Thick'ning around, come pouring on the view.
And now, when a dense darkness veils the skies,
And thro' the air the shivering tempest flies,
When desolation's hand is seen afar,
And wintry horrors mount their iron car,
While dissipation to its death-work creeps,
And the rack'd brain in burning lethe steeps ;

While the harsh mind, bound groveling to the earth,
Gives to some new privation withering birth,
And tries with arts as reckless as unkind,
Base wealth from out curb'd industry to grind ;
And while the radiance of compassion's rays,
Is made to seem one great o'erwheming blaze,
By those who, loud yet frigid as the north,
Send the swoln praises of their bounty forth.
Oh ! let me from whate'er my home may spare,
At least the pleasures of its silence share.
And when the brief glass of the day is run,
And eve proclaims her avocations done,
Then let me, with a choice book-store supplied,
And my lov'd partner seated by my side,
Drink the deep sweets of poesy's rich page,
Sigh with its griefs, and kindle with its rage.
O ye ! whose blood flowed in no common veins,
Ye who have sung in never-dying strains ;
How shall I pass so great an host of fame,
And yield no humble tribute to your name ?

Dryden and *Milton* foremost in the throng
That tower'd above the wreck of early song.
Oh ! had ye still to poesy confin'd,
Shunn'd public strife and cast its stir behind,
Yours had not been one spirit-paining fate,
Shorn, living victims of a changing State.

But chiefly thou, whose mighty numbers roll
Like ocean-waves, deep deluging the soul,
Shakespear, to thee my tributary lays
Would buoyant flow, though feeble were the praise ;
To thee who, when my dawning thought began
To contemplate that high-born being, man,
Full on the sight laid open every part,
And each vast spring of manhood's seat, the heart ;
Wielding its passions in their varying form,
Now lull'd in peace, now gathering into storm.
Here love is seen by some lone flower-bank straying,
Mantling in smiles and with her tresses playing ;
There, raging wild amid opposing shocks,
Dash'd with the billows o'er their lurking rocks,
Or spurr'd to madness by a thousand stings,
Flapping o'er death-forms her ensanguined wings.
What mind like thine, piercing the walls of state,
Has shown so deep a knowledge of the great ?
Wondering we see thee rising o'er a crown,
And on its bright head pouring lustre down,
Appall'd we stand, as through the senate-hall
We hear the tempest of thy periods roll.
What are to thee the red-wing'd shafts of war ?
Or clashing death-spears gleaming from afar ?
The rebel-rush ? its deluge foaming wide ?
Or the blanch'd wreck of its retiring tide ?
Alike are all to thee ; e'en the young dream
Of beauty's tenderest sleep, a murmuring stream,

And the sweet breathing of some lonely flower,
Alike have felt the touches of thy power,
All have a charm from thy majestic mind,
Unequall'd, dreadful, soothing, unconfin'd.
Ye too, who stand in prominent array,
Masters in song of yet a later day.
To me ye seem as stars at night appear,
Or tones of music opening on the ear,
Some smooth, some strong, some ravishingly deep,
Some pealing onward like an organ's sweep ;
Soft as the lute another pours his lay,
And melting dies Æolian-like away.
First in the ranks, where each his steed bestrides,
Girt with renown the dazzling Marmion rides,
Next, flaming out in streaming, wild attire.
Childe Harold spurs his mettled steed of fire ;
Yok'd with the lightning-speed of the wild horse,
That whizz'd Mazzeppa on his dreadful course.
Thee too, sweet *Moore* ! nigh foremost in the flight
Cover'd with roses and new beams of light,
Thy swift-wing'd Pegasus, of brilliant name,
Still unimpeded holds her speed with fame.
Montgomery, Southey, Coleridge, Pollok, Burns,*
All strike their pleasure-giving chords by turns.
And there is One† the sparkling gems among,
A child of sweetness and mellifluous song,

* Author of "The Course of Time." † Wordsworth.

Born in a new untrodden path to please,
Bright beaming with simplicity and ease,
Who, where a Grasmere smiles in vernal pride,
Looks from her hills as from Parnassia's side,
His temples girt with an unfading crown
Starr'd with poetic chrysolites, his own.
Hail land of love, of waterfall, and hill,
Flock-spotted valley, woodland, lake, and rill !
Where first these eyes, with life's commencing ray,
Open'd their young lids on the sun-lit day.
Oh ! how this heart-pulse vibrates at the view,
Scenes of my youth, for ever, ever new !
There thou, my father, taught this early lip
At truth's unerring crystal rill to sip.⁽¹⁾
E'en now, methinks, I see thy manly eye
Glow like a sunbeam on a sabbath sky ;
While thy outpouring, spirit-stirring voice
Bade the rais'd functions of the heart rejoice,
Pointing to realms where life's commotions cease,
And every gust of passion is at peace.
There, bright in years, a mother still is there,
Still breathing her sweet spirit out in prayer,
And daily on that aged, bended knee,
Mingled with tears, is uttered one for me.
O tender thought ! could I ungrateful prove ?
Oh ! monstrous bosom ! O maternal love !
Possess you peace, with that fair blessing health ?
They form a mother's joy, her dearest wealth :

Drink ye the nectar of that glittering fount
Which spreads its breast on flattery's giddy mount ?
It is her voice, meek, trembling in the air,
That first informs you of your peril there.
The wretch undone and torn with mental pain,
Doom'd for his crimes to bear the dungeon chain,
When not a soul shall hear what he would tell
Of the fell horrors of his clanking cell ;
When all his hopes and all his friends are fled,
E'en the fair breast that pillowed his head
May oft perceive one ray of solace given,
A mother's sigh breath'd on the ear of heaven :
She, while mankind his failings only know,
In secret suffers many a tear to flow :
And ever first, with never-ceasing care,
Untir'd she tries some healing balm to bear :
Still in the midst we see her, feebly strong,
Clinging like hope his fortune's rocks among.
When from her seat the angel Health hath fled,
And Pain supplants the slumbers of her bed ;
When the pulse reels, and fevers flush the eye,
And through the veins their fiery arrows fly :
And when we see the wished-for dawn of light,
Yet cheerless turn and wish again 'twas night ;
And when 'tis night we ever tossing lay,
Pore on the lamp and wish again 'twas day ;
There is a form which must not be denied,
That ever sits attendant at our side,

An eye that silent runs with pearly rain,
But brightens at each interval from pain ;
A hand that tries all untried means to cheer,
A voice that whispers Jesu in the ear !

A mother once I knew, but she was left,
And of her only darling son bereft,
He'd hear'd of valour and of veteran scars,
And sought to earn their laurels in the wars.
A youth was he of truth-erected mien,
Possess'd of merit more than yet was seen.
But he was reckless and of headstrong mind,
Spurn'd at controul, to admonition blind,
And he was silent many a passing year :
No tidings of the wanderer could we hear.
His lovely mother felt her lonely state,
And, sorrowing, deem'd a foreign grave his fate ;
Yet oft amid illusive dreams she'd start,
Clasping imagin'd HENRY to her heart.
And she would dream of waters huge and dark,
And of some reeling, leeward-driven bark ;
Of wrecks and shoals, of ocean's rending roar,
Of dead men cast upon a savage shore,
Of precipices and the howling Alps,
Of battle-fields, of soldiers' fleshless scalps,
Of graves and danger, hunger, thirst, despair,
With death-shrieks borne along the clamorous air.

And she would say, when evening spread her wing,
Fann'd with the fragrant blossom-gales of spring,
“ This is the seat where oft an hour he took,
“ And sat in silence with his favourite book ;
“ And there, full oft, among those shadowy trees
“ His curl'd locks waving in the infant breeze,
“ There with a mate incessantly he'd play,
“ And prattle something all the live-long day.”
On such an eve it was, when nigh the spot,
I sought to wake the music of her cot,
A letter came : 'Twas his ! 'twas HENRY's hand,
HENRY ONCE more safe in his native land !
The startled mother spoke about her boy,
It might be madness but 'twas more like joy,
The bosom labour'd, yet a vivid flush
Flit o'er the cheek like joy's returning rush.
The eye, though fix'd, was like a wandering star
When seen at first, bright coming from afar,
And though it broke not, a sweet accent hung
Like heavenly gratitude upon the tongue.
A rap was heard : I saw the door-latch fly,
'Twas Him ! we knew him by his sparkling eye ;
I mark'd the glance, and saw the mother run :
I heard the wild cry—“ Oh ! my son ! my son !”
Such are the scenes of home, and such have been
Mens' purest pleasures since their dawn was seen.
Most other joys, such as deserve the name,
Shine here but to irradiate their flame.

The joys of eloquence and valiant deeds,
Where minions crouch and the oppressor bleeds,
Reach not the summit of their glory's pile,
Till crown'd at Home with an approving smile.

What means that noise, and that alarming hum?
It is the foeman's cry, the foeman's drum !
See, on our hills a sudden host appears,
With flaming flambeaux and with bristling spears :
And shall we not enjoy our peaceful toil ?
Nor reap the fruitful harvest of our soil ?
Has the foul eye of envy's scathing blast
Upon the neatness of our homes been cast ?
Comes it beneath some paltry pretext's brow,
To gulp the plunder of its spirit now ?
Are these our cultur'd sweets so long enjoy'd,
The objects to be rifled or destroy'd ?
Enough : I see your streaming banners rise,
The watchword " Home ! " runs pealing on the skies,
Uplifted high is every manly hand
With nerve of steel grasping the battle-brand ;
Forth comes the thunder and the onset-shout,
Gods ! what a cry ! how terrible the rout !
Prone lies the plunderer's arm, it's life-blood quaff'd,
The heart was conquer'd e're it felt the shaft.
Men may do much for plunder or applause :
What wakes the spirit is a Nobler Cause.

But pause not here at this unhallowed blow,
Home knows another and a deadlier foe :
He comes, not like the open steel-girt man
Who bears aloft his purpose in his van ;
He comes,—as came the origin of wiles
Wreathed in all the winningness of smiles :
And where of beauty blooms a portion rare,
The smiler worms his serpent spirit there,
'Tis ardour all, and all from seeming youth,
And not a shadow veils the plighted truth ;
The parents smile upon their favourite gem,
And hope shines round this half-ingrafted stem.
—Bright dawns the bridal morn ; becoming glee
Mantles the cheek of modest buoyancy :
No more ; another smiles o'er broken ties
Proclaim'd, as on the nuptial chariot flies.

Such was AMELIA'S fate, of mind serene,
Fair as an early flower when earliest seen ;
And she had beauty of that peerless kind
Which takes its lustre from a polished mind.
She lov'd, but her's was love of such a name
That never saw the ashes of its flame.
She did not rave, nor did there once a tear
Upon her steadfast eyelids-brim appear,
But there was something working in the brain
With blighting hand :—she never smiled again.

And there was brightness in her eye of jet,
But 'twas a spring sky when the sun has set.
The aged, venerable father stood
Contending with a weak obtruding flood,
And when 'twas down, forth went a look of ire
That never flash'd but from an eye of fire,
The mind was on some writhing thought intent,
Its fires were kindling but were inly bent.
The mother look'd as might an heavenly smile.
When cast upon its burning funeral pile,
'Twas resignation beautifully meek
That lit the radiant furrows of her cheek ;
Her's was the form that stood as light-towers stand
To night-caught seamen on a dangerous strand.
LORENZA died ; but e'er the spirit fled
No common feeling mark'd that fiery bed,
The soul was up, its unexpung'd arrear
Shook to the base the fabric of its sphere ;
'There flit a livid dew-damp o'er the eye,
As clouds o'er sunshine with their shadows fly,
And on the lip a quivering accent hung,—
AMELIA's name was *last* upon his tongue.

Here end thy foes, theme of the bard's delight !
And come ye fam'd with aspects beaming bright,
Who wrapt in pure affection's heavenly vest,
Deal gladness round as your own homes are blest.

None ever felt the full rewards of joy
Till blessing man became his blest employ.
Wealth, power, and talent concentrated here,
Have found the pathway of their best career.

Hail Britain's isle ! the spot whence many a star
Shines out refulgently on realms afar.
Clime of the EAST ! where roll'd the Indian eye
With savage glare upon thy fiery sky,
How art thou chang'd ! how soothing now the tone
That cheers thy sons and warbles in thy zone !
Where idols stood, and superstition wild
Urg'd its fierce flame from parent down to child,
The sons of truth aloft their standard raise,
And pagan voices chant Jehovah's praise.
Clime of the WEST ! degraded as thou art,
And deep as is thy red internal smart,
There's yet a beam from hope's high station smiles,
That sheds its mellowing influence on thy isles.
The voice is up, that, borne along the main,⁽²⁾
Shall snap the brittle rivets of thy chain,
And with its triple lightning-tipped point
Shall strike the shackles from each goaded joint.
Thrice glorious day when on thy burning strand
Free as its breeze the Negro race shall stand !
When to their grasp the rightful boon is given ;
To hold their rank among the heirs of heaven !

How will the song around their hamlets ring⁽³⁾
To England's patriots, to England's king !
As the young vital fire of freedom warms,
And spreads the sweets of Home's new tasted charms,
Who shall refuse to join the heaven-ward strain ?
Its theme as noble, worthy WILLIAM's reign.
Clime of the NORTH ! along whose distant shore,⁽⁴⁾
The waves of ocean break their labouring roar,
There on the verge of Shetland's utmost bounds,
Britannia's voice awakes celestial sounds ;
The lonely fisherman imbibes the flame,
And round his hearth-fire breathes Messiah's name.
Clime of the SOUTH ! there too the glowing word
From Albion's love-wing'd messengers is heard ;
Where erst red vengeance hurl'd her death-barb'd
stings,⁽⁵⁾
Peace hovering waves her seraph-plumed wings ;⁽⁶⁾
And where was found the damp, gramineous bed,⁽⁷⁾
The murky tenement and " wig-wam shed,"
Array'd in white the coral cot is seen,⁽⁸⁾
Rising amid the mapes and plaintains green ;⁽⁹⁾
Where mothers in Tahitian fierceness stood,⁽¹⁰⁾
And steep'd their wild hands in their infants blood :
(Not once alone has thus that tie been broke,
Ten thousand cries have echo'd to its stroke :)
There bright with love, and smilingly serene⁽¹¹⁾
Bent on their mats the home-form'd groups are seen,

The mother stretching out the arm of care,
And shielding her sweet innocents with prayer.

From north, from south, from being's farthest span,
Where'er is found the impress-foot of Man,
Come—with a spirit touch'd with heavenly fire,—
Spread wide the glow and strike the grateful lyre !
Tell of the deeds in every climate wrought,
The growth of knowledge and the stretch of thought ;
And let that verse which skims the surface wave
Disperse into its own ærial grave ;
And that to which miss-shapen minds give birth,
Find its own spot the rottenness of earth.
Be your's the song that leads the mind to HIM
Who sways the sceptre of the cherubim,
Once seen on earth amid the laugh of scorn,
And branded with a diadem of thorn !

Hark ! 'tis a sound responsive to your voice,
It peals again and cries “ Rejoice ! rejoice ! ”
Anticipation—borne on lofty wing
Reaches the portals whence these plaudits ring,
Wide fly the barriers of obstructing night,
Jehovah reigns and all around is light—
Afar she sees the gathered myriads stand
Of varying hues from every clime and land,
And on her ear the halleluja-cry
In rapture shouts the Welcome of the Sky ;

The triumph past, joy's requiems intervene—
Then all is music breathingly serene.

And it shall come ! that day when all shall rise
And flap their pinions onward to the skies :
That day be yours—be mine—the bliss to be
With all the armies of eternity !
Heirs of that sphere whence none shall ever roam—
One bright, Celestial, UNIVERSAL HOME.

N O T E S

TO THE

PLEASURES OF HOME.

A POEM.



NOTES

TO THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

(1.)—Page 20.

“ There Thou, my father, taught this early lip,
“ At Truth’s unerring crystal rill to sip.”

The Author’s father was a minister in the Wesleyan connexion for nearly half a century. His name in Westmoreland, and Cumberland, and on the borders of Lancashire, is gratefully remembered by many.

(2.)—Page 27.

“ The voice is up, that borne along the main.”

These lines were written during the celebrated Yorkshire election, when the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) was elected member for that county.

(3.)—Page 28.

“ How will the song around their hamlets ring !”

“ I sometimes wish that I was the Owner of Africa, to do at once what Wilberforce will do in time, viz. : sweep Slavery from her deserts, and look upon the first dance of their freedom.”—BYRON.

(4.)—Page 28.

“Clime of the north !”

See “Sermons” published a few years since by the late Dr. Adam Clark, founder of a mission in the Shetland islands.

(5.)—Page 28.

“Where erst red vengeance hurl’d her death-barb’d stings.”

“They (the inhabitants of the Polynesian islands) do not use the *patia*, or dagger of the Sandwich islands, but substitute an equally fatal weapon, the *æro fai*, or the backbone of the Stinging Ray (fish); which being serrated on the edges, and barbed towards the point, is very destructive in a dexterous hand.”—Ellis’s *Polynesian Researches*, vol ii, p. 497.

(6.)—Page 28.

“Peace hovering waves her seraph-plumed wings.”

Before the introduction of Christianity into the South Sea islands Mr. Ellis, in the work above quoted, observes, p. 495, and 496, vol. ii.

“Provision for war was attended to when every other consideration was disregarded. In the perpetration of the unnatural crime of infanticide, boys were more frequently spared than female children, with a view of their becoming warriors. In all our schools we were surprised at the disproportion between the boys and the girls that attended, and at the small number of women in the adult population, and, on inquiring the cause, were invariably told that more girls than boys were destroyed, because they would, if spared, be comparatively useless in war. War, therefore, being esteemed by the majority as the most important end of life, every kind of training for battle was held in the highest repute.”

Sometime after the establishment of British Missionaries in Polynesia, he gives the following beautiful contrast, vol. ii, p. 519, and 530.

“As the people began to feel the blessings of Peace, with its continuance, their desire to perpetuate it become stronger. Its prevalence and extent are often surprising even to themselves; and some of the most striking illustrations of the advantages of true religion, and appeals for its support and extension, are drawn from this fact, and expressed in terms like these: ‘Let our hands forget how *hi te a more*,’ or ‘*vero ti patia*,’ (lift the club, or throw the spear.) ‘Let our guns decay with rust, we want them not; for though we have been pierced with balls or spears, if we pierce each other now, let it be with the word of God. How happy are we now! we sleep not with our cartridges under our heads, our muskets by our sides, and our hearts palpitating with alarm: now we have the Bible, we know the Saviour; and if all knew him, if all bowed the knee to him, there would be no more War on the earth.’

“It is not in public only that they manifest these sentiments; in ordinary life at home, they act upon them. The most affectionate and friendly intercourse is cultivated between the parties who formerly cherished the most implacable hatred, and vowed each others extermination. Offices of kindness and affection are performed with promptitude and cheerfulness, and though by some their weapons are retained as relics of past days, or securities against invasion, by many they are destroyed. Often have I seen a gun barrel, or other iron weapon that has been carried to the forge, submitted to the fire, laid upon the anvil, and beaten, not exactly into a ploughshare or a pruning hook, (for the vine does not stretch its luxuriant branches along their sunny hills,) but beaten into an implement of husbandry, and used by its proprietor in the culture of his plantation, or his garden. Their weapons of wood also have often been employed as handles for their tools; and their implements of war have been converted with promptitude into the furniture of the earthly sanctuary of Jehovah. The last pulpit that I ascended in the South Sea islands was at *Rurutu*. I had ministered to a large congregation, in a spacious and well-built chapel of native architecture, over which the natives conducted me at the close of the service. The floor was boarded, and a considerable portion of the interior space fitted up with seats or forms. The pulpit was well though rudely constructed;

the stairs that led to it were guarded by rails, surmounted by a banister of mahogany-coloured tamanu wood; the rails were of black aito wood, and highly polished. I asked my companions where they had procured those rails, and they replied, that they had made them with the handles of warriors' spears."

(7.)—Page 28.

" And where was found the damp gramineous bed,
"The murky tenement and ' wig-wam shed.' "

" Although we always urged the completion of their houses as soon as they could, we were often highly interested in visiting their partially finished dwellings. There is something peculiarly pleasing in watching the process which periodically changes the face of the natural world. The swelling bud—the opening blossom—the expanding leaves—the tiny fruit formations, as they regularly pass under the eye of the observer, are not less interesting than the bough bending with full ripe fruit. The process which effects the changes marking the progress from birth to maturity is not less curious, and which was rapidly transforming the character, and habits of a nation, and materially altering even the aspect of the habitable portions of their country. This gave a peculiar interest to the nondescript sort of dwelling, half native hut, and half European cottage, which many of the people at this time inhabited. They marked the steps, and developed the process, by which they were rising from the rude and cheerless degradation of the one, to the elevation and enjoyment of the other. These sensations were often heightened by our beholding in the neighbourhood of these half finished houses, the lonely and comfortless hut they had abandoned, and the neatly finished cottage in which the inmates enjoyed a degree of comfort, that, to use their own powerful expression, made them sometimes ready to doubt whether they were the same people who had been contented to inhabit their former dwellings, surrounded by pigs and dogs, and swarms of vermin, while the wind blew over them, and the rain beat upon them."—*Ibid*, vol. ii, p. 79. 80.

(8.)—Page 28.

“ Array’d in white the coral cot is seen.”

“The stone in the northern parts of the island of Eimeo is a kind of compact, ancient lava, and though rather hard, is, we think adapted for buildings. We were desirous to induce some of the chiefs to attempt the erection of a stone house; but they had no proper tools for preparing the stone, and the labour was also greater than in the present state of civilization they were disposed to undertake. It is not, however, improbable that stone buildings will ultimately supercede the neat, yet, compared with those erected of less perishable materials, temporary dwellings they are now occupying. The coral rock is also more durable than plaster, and although soft, and easily hewn when first taken out of the sea, it afterwards assumes a degree of hardness which resists the weather for a long series of years. A chapel has been built with the material in the island of Eimeo, and will probably last longer than any yet erected.”—*Ibid*, vol ii, p. 81.

(9.)—Page 28.

“ Rising amid the mapes and plantains green.”

“Like other chesnut trees, the mape is of stately growth and splendid foliage. It is occasionally seen in the high grounds, but flourishes only in the rich bottoms of the vallies, and seldom appears in greater perfection than on the margin of a stream. From the top of a mountain I have often been able to mark the course of a river by the winding, and almost unbroken line of chesnuts, that have towered in majesty above the trees of humbler growth. The mape is branching; but the trunk, which is the most singular part of it, usually rises ten or twelve feet without a branch, after which the arms are large and spreading.”—*Ibid*, vol. i, p. 375.

“Where mothers in Tahitian fierceness stood,
And steep’d their wild hands in their infants’ blood.”

“In point of number the disproportion between the infants spared and those destroyed, was truly distressing. It was not easy to learn exactly what this disproportion was; but the first missionaries published it as their opinion that not less than two-thirds of the children were murdered by their own parents. Subsequent intercourse with the people, and the affecting details many have given since their reception of christianity, authorize the adoption of the opinion as correct. The first three infants, they observed, were frequently killed; and in the event of twins being born, both were rarely permitted to live. In the largest families more than two or three children were seldom spared, while the numbers that were killed were incredible. The very circumstance of their destroying, instead of nursing, their children, rendered their offspring more numerous than it would otherwise have been. We have been acquainted with a number of parents, who, according to their own confessions, or the united testimony of their friends and neighbours, had inhumanly consigned to an untimely grave, four, or six, or eight, or ten children, and some even a greater number. I feel hence the painful and humiliating conviction, which I have ever been reluctant to admit, forced upon me, from the testimony of the natives themselves, the proportion found by the first missionaries, and existing in the population at the time of our arrival, that during the generations immediately preceding the subversion of paganism, not less than two-thirds of the children were massacred. A female who was frequently accustomed to wash the linen for our family had thus cruelly destroyed five or six. Another who had resided very near us, had been the mother of eight, of which only one had been spared. But I will not multiply instances which are numerous in every island, and of the accounts of which the recollection is most distinct. I am desirous to establish beyond doubt the belief of the practice, as it is one, from every consideration, the subversion of which must be

most gratifying to the christian mind, as well as calculated to awaken its energies for the further amelioration of the wretched condition of the heathen."—*Ibid*, vol, i, p. 334, 335.

(11.)—Page 28.

“There, bright with love, and smilingly serene,
Bent on their mats the home-formed groups are seen,
The mother stretching out the arm of care,
And shielding her sweet innocents with prayer.”

“The abolition of this practice, (infanticide), with the subversion of idolatry, is a great reward to those who have sent the mild and humane principles of true religion, to those islands. This single fact demands the gratitude of every christian parent, especially of every christian female, and affords the most cheering encouragement to those engaged in spreading the gospel through the world. The elevating, mild, and humanizing influence of christianity, has not only effected its entire abolition, but it has received and cherished those emotions of parental tenderness and affection originally implanted in the human bosom. A change of feeling and of conduct, in this respect, has taken place, as delightful as it is astonishing. The most civilized and christian parts of the world do not furnish more affectionate parents than the Society Islanders now are. In general they are too tender towards their children, and do not exercise that discipline and control over them, which the well-being of the child, and the happiness of the parent, require.—*Ibid*, vol. i, p. 341.



—00—

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

—00—



THE ROBBER'S HUT.

IN November it was, when the hedges were bare
 And the dry leaves were rustling about,
 That I saw for the first time the robber-man's lair—
 When 'twas whisper'd the robber was out.

2.

It stood, where no cottager's shelter was nigh,
 At the foot of a crag-cover'd slope,
 And it look'd like the home of an infidel-eye,
 Or of age long bereft of its hope.

3.

'Twas eve : and the clouds seem'd to hurry away
 O'er the gloom of so cheerless a sight,
 And the winds as they urged their course with the Day,
 Seem'd to drag, as a fugitive, Night.

4.

On the brow of the slope stood one storm-beaten tree
 Lowly bent, with its branches astray ;
 By the hut was a green spot, or seemed to be,
 But its fences were gone to decay.

5.

In the distance were hills whose dark shadows were cast
O'er a gulph, that dash'd wild on the shore ;
And the ocean-sound opening along with the blast,
Made more drear that lone spot with its roar.

6.

The beams of the moon now beginning to peep,
I espy'd through a chink where I sat
A cautious, slow length from that cabin to creep,—
'Twas the Robber half hid by his hat.

7.

He stood : when there pass'd the wild shriek of a bird,
He shrunk back again to his hut ;
Not a footstep, nor sound, or a creak, could be heard
As the lattice behind him he shut.

8.

I have pass'd by the mountain-bred cottager's door
As the youngers were gamboling about,
And have mark'd the light-hearted, bright look of the poor,
In the midst of their innocent rout.

9.

I have seen too, where industry fosters the ground,
With what grace the cot-rose will appear !
While the moss-cultur'd plots which are smiling around
Teem with food for the dearth of the year.

10.

But ah ! when I look'd on that dreary abode,
What a contrast of feelings arose !

*Here Crime with the night-shade sends Terror abroad ;
There slumbereth the Peace of Repose.*

CALUMNY.

WHENCE art thou ? whispering fiend ! I hate thy
name ;
Thy grin out-grins the vilest imp of hell ;
And if thou thence into these regions came,
Go get thee back to where the furies yell,
And ever there in ten-fold darkness dwell.
I'd rather bear what painful sickness brings,
Than harbour thee, or hear what thou would'st tell,
Oh, monster of a thousand barbed stings !
When must the genius rise shall clip thy baneful
wings ?

2.

Offspring of untruth, envy, malice, guile,
The basest-born of meanness and deceit !
How dost thou shrink beneath a simpering smile,
When face to face thou should'st thy victim meet.
If there's on earth a corner-seeking cheat,
One who is fearful of the morning light,
His breast might melt and with repentance beat ;
But thou all recklessly pursuest thy flight,
Man's bane thy darling theme, his ruin thy delight.

3.

Oh, how I hate thee, Calumny ! and yet
It is not that thy winged shafts I fear,
For Probity, by conscious Virtue whet,
Shall break thy javelin's aim and mar thy spear ;
Far, far behind thy venom shall appear
To eyes lit up by reason's placid ray,
Not only shalt thou linger in the rear,
But when thou'rt summon'd to the face of day
How wilt thou hide thy head from him thou deem'st
thy prey !

4.

I envy not those little earth-minds, who,
Forever ready for the slanderous tale,
Eager imbibe what falsehood says, then go
Where others, still as eager, catch the gale.
Can ye not over thoughts like these prevail ?
'Tis pity that a being like to man,
Should bend to deeds so impotently frail :—
Behold the grandeur of Creation's plan !
And then survey *your* works, and love them if you
can.

TASTE.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

O Taste! gentle flame, let me hallow thee now,
And with joy at this moment renew
Those feelings instill'd by thy spirit when thou
Thy mantle first over me threw.

2.

Like the rose-foot of spring, when her young dew
fall
On the heath where no verdure is seen,
Thou first lit on this heart where 'twas barren-
ness all,
And thy smile bad'st it bud and be green.

3.

It is sweet with some kindred spirit to meet
On the journey of life as we go,
Where the pulse of affection shall ceaselessly beat,
And where hopes we are cherishing glow.

4.

I know not a feeling more dear to the mind,—
A more gently heart-warming beam,
Than that we derive, when with intellect join'd,
Is the converse of those we esteem.

5.

When we first heard Eliza, her gentle words fell
As though music were witching the ear,

And the soul, as by magic, was bound with a spell,
Like the bird with its mate singing near.

6.

The beauties of "Scott" she went o'er with delight,
But her brother would talk of his hogs,
And yawning, he started, and said "It is night ;
It were time to look after the dogs."

7.

At ten, he must forth to a merry-night go,
To see villagers dance in a ring,
Where the bowl with its foam will abundantly flow,
And where John the old piper will sing.

8.

Let the gay in voluptuous pleasures delight,
And with ardour their revels pursue,
'Tis a day that might sink in a sorrowful night,
Like a star in a cloud dropping dew.

9.

How meagre and gross are those random pursuits,
When beheld through the glass of a mind
Whose favourite repast are those elegant fruits
Which in learning's pure circle we find !

THE CHOICE.

HIGH-LIFE, though beauteous as the light
That gilds the shadowy track of night,
Where darkling waters roll,
Wears too much chilly, stiff restraint,
Too much of coquetry and paint,
Too little of the soul.

2.

LOW-LIFE may have its "humble good,"
Souls that may combat penury's flood
And smile amid the strife ;
But there, the intellect confin'd
Shows not those flowrets of the mind
Which scent and sweeten life.

3.

And who shall be that flippant thing,
Who, guided still by fancy's wing,
Would be what it is not ?
Now aping great ones, now the clown,
Trying all gestures but its own :
Here met by laughter, there a frown,
But finds no resting spot.

4.

Though beauties vernal smile around,
Amid seclusion-haunts profound,
Who'd spend his being there?—

Was Man not for his fellow made ?
Flows there no balm in friendship's aid ?
No solace of our care ?

5.

Give me,—kind powers who rule our fates !—
That state in life that but awaits
The cheerful and the free ;
Where flows the brilliant joke and glass,
And smiling sits the school-taught lass
All sparkling at the glee.

6.

I would not—mark !—o'erleap the line
Which truth and modesty combine
Their moral aids to form :—
The mariner prefers the gale
That swells, but ruffles not, the sail,—
There's peril in the storm.

7.

Should I regard the nuptial tie,
Be thou my mate, in virtue's eye
What virtue might approve ;
Still to my friends and kindred kind,
To all my little foibles blind,
Of manners gentle as thy mind,
A fountain-flow of love.

8.

Life having thus found out its charm,
With friends intelligent and warm
How must the moments flee !

With means to ease the poor man's fate
And hold me fearless of the great,
Would you not envy me?

CHIRK,*

A POEM.

'Tis not thy ancient towers nor massive walls,
Thy bending forests, nor thy spacious halls,
Nor wide-extending parks, where herding deer
And merry lambkins crop the vernal year ;
Sweet spot ! which now I sing, those themes belong
The bard who better knows descriptive song :
There he may warble all the live-long day,
And find fresh beauties for his favourite lay.
Touch'd with the theme, Britannia's dear delight,
I sing the growth and spread of moral light,

* Chirk is a small village, beautifully situated on the northern border of Denbighshire, surrounded with forest scenery and coal mines. The castle is a very ancient and noble structure ; the Lady of which, viz. Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph, in 1824, erected a handsome School in the village for the Free Education of the children in the parish. This, together with means previously adopted, has had a visible effect in the improvement of the moral character of the neighbourhood. A select number of children are taken from the school, who constitute the choir of the church. The author of this Poem has frequently listened to their sweet voices with great pleasure.

The sway of learning on old Ceiriog's shore,
Where mental darkness long had reign'd before.
Fain would the muse those cheerless days pass by,
When irreligion vaunted in her cry,
And smiling nature in her robe of green,
Encheer'd† with music, pass'd as though unseen ;
When "Summer suns" with ripening blessings glow'd,
And men regardless car'd not whence they flow'd :
When Autumn spread her bounties o'er the land,
And hearts ungrateful took them at her hand ;
Deep wrapt in gloom when winter's howling blast
Came rushing forth and o'er these vallies past,
And we unmindful of a guardian power,
Mark'd not its presence in the volant hour ;
When midnight bacchanals brawl'd o'er the bowl,
And sabbaths rung with imprecations foul ;
When social intercourse gave place to strife,
And dead to numbers was the Book of Life.

Recount no more ; far be those days behind :
A morn more genial dawns upon the mind.
Hark ! on the ear young cherub voices rise,
Which, borne in anthems, swell upon the skies.
See the fond mother bending o'er her son,
His infant lips new-taught "Thy will be done,"
View too the modest air and sober mien,
The love for pastors and the garment clean.

† "No sweet remain of life *encheers* the sight."—KIRK WHITE.

And mark the bright enquiring eye of youth
Intensely bent upon the page of truth.
O how the heart at every period glows !
How sweet to drink the rock-stream as it flows !
And then again, behold the youth's desire
Impetuous, flush'd with emulative fire ;
Wide to his view is spread the field of fame,
He reads, enraptur'd, many a glorious name :
Shakspeare, and *Milton*, *Otway*, *Thompson*, *Burns*,
Homer, and *Virgil*, fire his mind by turns :
And, ardent now, his youthful soul aspires
E'en to the flame that lights the patriot's fires.
Thrice happy change ! now he delights to rove
Where evening zephyrs fan the tale of love,
And young-eyed friendship, generous and refin'd,
Unfolds the balmy essence of her mind :—
Music's sweet tones, mellifluent and clear,
Which float around, now charm his listening ear.
High, on the mountain's brow he takes his stand,
Surveying nature's wonder-working hand,
Or, in the vale, the rising hills between,
Selecting beauties for his pencil keen.

Now wrapt in thought he studies nature's laws,
And, seeing effects, tries to point out their cause :
Or with a *Newton*, truth's abyss to sound,
Plunges in mathematic depths profound ;
Thence issuing, with a *Ferguson* surveys
Yon lunar orb reflect the solar blaze.

Hail Erudition ! soul-expanding power,
Companion meet of life's progressing hour !
O teach us how to ornament the land
Where once a MYDDLETON, of spirit bland,
His bounty shower'd ! And teach us to revere
The hand which now bestrews thy blessings here !
So shall we live upon the scroll of fame.
And future thousands bless a BIDDULPH's name.

ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING,

ON THE 4TH OF DECEMBER, 1826.

LONE warbler ! well I know thy note, though now
It comes not on the balmy gale of spring,
Nor from the green wood's sweet embowering shade,
Nor with that full, unfettered melody
Which, floating on the breeze of vernal eve,
Flows on the ravish'd ear of nature's child,
As lone he walks by grove or winding stream,
Where all is music, gaiety, and peace.
Amid this scene, where desolation's arm
Far stretching, holds its gloom-inspiring sway,
Where roars the hurrying flood, and cheerless all
Woods, mountains, vales, and leafless groves appear ;
And now, that o'er the hyperborean hills
The tempest mustering threatens man with woe,

Say Warbler ! say what lures thee to the song ?
Is it the note of gratitude to heaven
For that brief sunbeam, which, though transient,
 glow'd
And, shooting through the gloom of nature's
 sadness,
Seem'd only to direct its rays to thee ?
Or, hast thou some instinctive power within,
That, whispering, says a bard is passing by,
And thou would'st gladly cheer his loneliness,
Or wake his muse to emulate thy lay ?
Sweet bird ! I thank thee for the pleasing theme !
Thou mind'st me of the "still small voice" of truth,
When first it trembled on an heathen shore ;
Thine soon shall mingle with the teeming spring,
And this is gathering fast. O for that day
When Christian, Turk, and Jew, shall feel its power,
And giving to the winds dark error's robe,
Creation's vast expanse shall own a Saviour's name !

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S WIFE, WHO
DIED DECEMBER, 2, 1827.

AND was it not enough that I should know,
Ere yet three moons had run their short career,
The withering weight of thy repeated blow
Which laid two valued friends upon the bier,*
But that thou should'st in threefold force appear
Oh death ! and blast my half-returning joys ?
Could'st thou not rest one solitary year
Beneath the covering of thy sable guise,
Which saved awhile from tears these sorrow-smitten
eyes ?

2.

I see the busy wheels of traffic roll,
And man on man high-sounding names bestow ;
I see ambition's offspring rise and fall,
And the rich streams of wit's young spirit flow ;
I see the flash of fashion come and go,
Intent upon or thwarted of its glee,
And the long dazzling trains of wealth below ;
I hear the sound of waking minstrelsy
And music's vocal swell ; but what are these to Me ?

3.

Lone, on an isolated spot of earth,
Where bends some aged, tempest-blighted tree,

* A much-beloved sister and a brother-in-law.

Whose form inspires the opposite of mirth,
I'd sit, and, MARY! think, oh! think on Thee,
And of those hours of tenderness, when we,
By dear appointment, from the morning bed
Would trace the lawn and catch creation's glee ;
Or, when at eve our walks with flowers were spread,
Whose light, elastic stems "scarce bent beneath"
thy tread.

4.

In life's fair day-spring, when the heart was light,
The passions ardent and the eye was fire,
When thine would kindle to a lustre bright
At the weak music of my feeble lyre ;
When all this heart was thine, and thy desire
Was but with mine each secret thought to blend,
When others' converse might thy patience tire,
And thou would'st tell it to thy bosom friend,
I caught the gathering bliss, but dreamt not of its
end.

5.

Nor dreamt I, mid the flow of wedded bliss,
When eager flock'd our little-ones around
With arms outstretch'd to share the wonted kiss
Before repose their nightly slumbers crown'd ;
Nor, as we listened to the sabbath-sound
Of their sweet voices, and I saw the glow
Of heavenly rapture all thy looks surround,
Ah no ! I dreamt not as these charms would flow
That their mild current ran so near the cup of woe.

6.

Had I not tasted bliss, I had not now
Upon the lee-shore of my hopes been cast,
Nor would this spirit, thus nigh broken, bow
At the quick coming of privation's blast,
Nor would this heart revert to feelings past,
Nor yearn o'er you, my darlings, at your play,
Who know not yet how long this stroke shall last,
But meet, light bounding, each returning day,
Unconscious of the spears which lurk along your
way.

7.

Yes, thou art gone ! and now the blustering storms
Of midnight revel o'er thy lowly bed,
And thou regardest not their threatening forms,
Nor the soft utterance of my nightly tread,
Nor e'en those eye-drops on thy covering shed,
While round their sire thy babes in silence creep ;
Sweet babes ! they marvel at these heaps of dead ;
They know not of this dark, sepulchral sleep,
Nor whence the 'wilderer cause which makes their
parent weep.

8.

But yet a little longer, let thy stream
O Time ! pursue its ravage-working way,
And they shall wake from out this infant dream,
Amid the dawning of perception's day ;
And when to that accumulating ray

The ever-shifting hue of life appears,
 My sweets shall catch this tremor of our clay,
 And, as they watch the wreck of passing years,
 Their wonderment shall be the barrenness of tears.

9.

Soft ! heard you not a seraph-speaking voice
 That pierc'd the lonely silence of the tomb ?
 It is ! it is the angel-peal " Rejoice"
 Breaks on the night and dissipates its gloom.
 I feel the beams of Hope celestial come :
 Away ye shadows of desponding thought !
 That Power which gives to beauty's cheek its bloom,
 And from chaotic depths existence brought,
 Shall He not take His own ?—his own by suff'ring
 bought.

10.

Hark ! from the confines of " heaven's blissful seat"
 Again a voice familiar seems to speak,
 A voice once dear but now more purely sweet,
 Yet still the sound of admonition meek :
 " Go, search the Word, and in a Saviour seek—
 " Where can alone be found—the Spirit's bread ;
 " Forth from the trammels of these sorrows break,
 " Rest on His expiating wounds thy head ;
 " Their blood was spilt for thee, and what hast thou
 to dread ?

11.

" Ah ! when thou view'st this holy, sapphire shore,
 " And hear'st its shining myriad minstrels play,

“Then shall thy peaceful spirit weep no more,
“But mount, as on the flaming wings of day,
“Fledg’d for the concert of a heavenly lay:
“Far distant then shall be the sting of pain,
“This waving hand shall beckon thee away,
“This voice, new-ton’d, shall aid the seraph-strain,
“That bids thee welcome Here!—Yes, we shall meet
again!”

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER,

WHO DIED AT GAMBLESBY, IN CUMBERLAND,

JAN. 18TH, 1827.

“Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love,
For us they sicken, and for us they die.
And shall they sicken, shall they die in vain?

YOUNG.

1.

As roll the salt waves of the bark-heaving ocean,
Which press on each other to break on the shore,
So sorrow’s deep drops, with their fountain in motion,
As urgently flow the eye-coverlets o’er.

2.

I think of the days of our lore-gleaning duty,
And the heart-knitting scenes of the years that
are gone,
I think of thy mind's growing sweetness and beauty,
And the drops of the fountain will ever roll on.

3.

I heard not thy last feeble efforts to bless me,
I caught not the balm of thy life-ebbing breath,
I felt not that hand, ever eager to press me,
As its pulse-flutter fled at the quiver of Death.

4.

But there was an Arm that did aid and sustain thee,
That came in its mind-healing attributes drest,
That did chase the world's care-giving thoughts which
might pain thee,
And finally bore thy sweet spirit to rest.

SPRING.

1.

Now Spring cometh on with her foliage and flowers,
And dons the gay meadows with green ;
She comes to enliven our streamlets and bowers,
And to wake the perfume of the bean :

2.

But what does she bring to the mem'ry of those
Who have tasted privation's abyss ?
The gales that have lull'd the fond breast to repose
Whistle wild o'er the wreck of its bliss.

3.

The lark soars aloft with her sky-kissing note,
As the morning comes all mantling along,
And youth drinks the balm of her tones as they float,
Not aware there's a sting in the song.

4.

When I see the green buds on the thorn-bushes smile,
And the garden-gems round me appear,
There shall feelings arise in this bosom the while,
That will only subside with a tear.

5.

Oh, ye zephyrs of eve ! still your sweetness impart,
I could dwell 'midst the odours you bring ;
Did you tell not of those who so dear to the heart
Gave a smile to the beauty of spring.

6.

And yet, gentle Spring, tho' thy far-spreading blush
May recal what to memory is dear,
Though the tear at thy tints may be prompted to gush,
I could wish thou forever wert here.

7.

There are soul-lifting themes in thy bounteous advance,
And thy woods sing the coming of joy ;
One may catch a young bliss at the primrose's glance,
That the world cannot give or destroy.

8.

At thy smile the sweet glow of affection awakes
From the bed of its infant repose,
And beauty new fire to its witchery takes
When adorn'd with its emblem, the rose.

9.

How barren that heart that can haste by thy streams,
Where their dimples the angler invite,
That can range where the sun sheds his life-warming
beams,
And yet taste not some thrill of delight !

10.

The eye that shall gaze but shall view not thy charms,
Unto beauty impervious must be,
And that heart must be steel'd to love's gentle alarms
That can find not her semblance in thee.

LINES

WRITTEN ON FIRST HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE
RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

It came like the night-sound of Death on mine ear,
On the wings of the wind it is gone ;
Nor shall ocean impede its grief-waking career,
Nor the smile-scathing blast of its tone.
At that sound the wing'd spirit of poesy droops,
And alone to her covert she flies,
Whilst the high crest of learning in languishment
stoops,
And the Genius of Eloquence dies.

HOME.

TO HANNAH.

I.

O come ! and forever my cottage adorn,
My soul-cheering boast and my pride ;
I'd care not a straw for the finger of scorn,
For pride's haughty bearing, or slander new born,
Nor for envy's barb'd arrows and rankling thorn,
My lov'd one, with thee at my side.

2.

They know not the soft-breathing freshness of Bliss,
Who from Home ever seek her retreat ;
They shall go where each gale may salute with a kiss,
May banquet with fame, nor encounter a hiss,
They may plunge into pleasure's wide, whirling abyss,
Nor yet the heart's peace-giver meet.

3.

To what does the spur of our ardour belong
As we pass thro' the perils of life ?
What makes the tar sing the rough billows among ?
The soldier to hurl his red carnage along ?
Oh, is it not something bewitching and strong
In the language of Home and of Wife ?

4.

Give, give me to taste that felicity found
Where the home-voice of welcome is heard !
And the votaries of fashion may flutter around,
The yeoman may talk of his horse and his hound,
And the miser may stand by his gold-coffer's sound,
As a schoolboy would list to his bird.

5.

Hark ! what means that gladness, that romp, and
that rout,
I ne'er heard such mirth I declare ;
O see ! 'tis a wife with her babes who are out,
Dear me, how the young things are running about !

There, there ! one is down ! bless that laugh and
that shout,

I dare say at night, nay, there's scarcely a doubt,
One might find all those sweet ones at prayer.

6.

The storm had been up at a terrible rate,
When the husband, well pelted with rain,
And with cheeks well-nigh blister'd, return'd to his
mate ;

He heard, and he felt, all the prattle elate,
And dear was the smile which his own might create,
As he said, " I am with you again."

7.

Oh ! life is a pleasure, my lov'd one, with thee,
And smooth is the path we shall go ;
The evening-breeze fanning the shores of the sea,
The night-tones of music, the clamour of glee,
Are sweet in their places as sweetness may be ;
But ah ! not like that which we know.

ON HEARING A REDBREAST SING IN THE
CHURCH, DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

1.

THOUGH surly Winter's piercing sting
May force thee from the fold,
Thou here art welcome, little thing,
To shield thyself from cold.

2.

When on the moral world a gloom
And with threat'ning tempests bear,
Like thee, we seek the sacred dome,
And find a refuge there.

3.

Bird of the storm! thy notes prolong,
And aid the choir divine,
The solemn, deep, and sacred song,
Is not profan'd by thine.

4.

Ye wandering few, who cease to seek
The spot that once ye knew,
To you in shame he seems to speak,
While thus he sings for you.

5.

And ye who form the tuneful choir
That hails the gladsome day,

Catch but the little songster's fire,
And pure shall be your lay.

6.

Should darkness veil the mental eye,
Like him with eager flight
Quick to the gospel windows fly,
And flutter for the light.

7.

Poor Robin! when the spring resumes
Her blood-reviving powers,
Then thou wilt spread thy little plumes,
And seek her fostering bowers.

8.

So may we, when life's storms subside,
Be ready for the plains,
Where bliss still rolls her swelling tide,
And spring eternal reigns !

TEARS.

1.

HE went, 'twas my friend, to a distant shore,
And since have we hop'd, as we hoped before,
He might die where his relatives dwell;
At the moment of parting we something did say
Of times that were past, and of scenes far away ;
But the most of that hour which I bear to this day
Are the Tear-drops of Friendship that fell.

2.

From home 'twas my lot to wander awhile,
I courted, but found not prosperity's smile,
And return'd to my Father's surprise;
I ne'er shall forget an occurrence that day,
When my dear little Sister came in from her play,
" My Brother ! " she cried, and she clasp'd me
straightway,
It was joy that ran out at her eyes.

3.

Should a friend I have trusted neglect me,
The word " he has ceas'd to respect me "
Might kindle resentment within :
He is told with what thoughts I am burning,
Regret fills his bosom while learning,
He weeps, and where then is my spurning ?
Or where shall my vengeance begin ?

4.

There is beauty in Tears that are streaming,
Where nature, unsullied and beaming,
Appears at their crystalline start ;
Words oft are with various meanings replete,
A Sigh may awake from the breast of deceit ;
But Tears such as these have an eloquence sweet,
For theirs is the speech of the Heart.

5.

But there is an eye-gem that melts, that fires,
That soothes in affliction, in danger inspires,
Its rays have connexion with heaven ;
It waters your couch when you seem in distress,
It kindles to fury when Men would oppress ;
Should you frown, 'tis more lovely than love's loveliness,
And to Woman alone it is given.

ON HEARING THE "FAREWELL SERMON"

OF THE REV. W. EVANS OF LLANYMYNECH, SHROPSHIRE, ON
HIS LEAVING THE CURACY OF THAT VILLAGE.

WHAT prompts the step to tread the courts of Truth,
The ear to listen to her searching voice?
Say not that it is formal all and void.
There is a tie beyond external form
That guides the step and draws the listening ear.
Hark! thro' the stillness of that sacred dome,
How sweetly swells the hymning voice of Praise,
Breaking the solemn silence of the morn:
More solemn thence, and waking in the mind
Devotion's tender, animating fire,
Furnishing new-fledg'd pinions to the soul,
And opening on the heart's enlarged view
The mansions of the New Jerusalem,
Where round the Throne adoring Angels tune
Their harps harmonious as the listening spheres,
And where, in one wide universal song,
To Him who reigns and to the Lamb forever,
Myriads on myriads join, where all is love
And every heart and every tongue is praise.
Hear then that deeply earnest speaking voice,
Pour'd forth in accents suppliant and meek,
Invoking on a people, favour'd much,

The choisest blessings of Omnipotence,
Heaven's Love and "Mercy fair," fixing on high
The attentive mind, and where our errors flow
Pointing their source, and blessed antidote,
The blood of Calvary: and when befitting
Awful and deep, clothed in Majesty
Speaking the thunders of avenging Heaven;
Strengthening the weak, encouraging the strong,
Fostering the babes and sucklings; flaming out
Girt with the mandates of eternity;
Or, gentle as an harbinger of peace,
Tracing the love, humility, and tears,
And death-disarming miracles of Him
Who with amazing brightness robed the mount;
Himself in glory wrapt, the man of griefs,
"Who had not where to lay his sinless head;"
Guiding the young, and on the furrow'd brow
And whitened head pouring the oil of gladness.
'Tis these, and sweetly-breathing numbers more
Of soul-endearing offices of love,
Which bind the hearts of Pastor and his flock,
And lead them gently on to bowers of song,
Of bliss substantial, harmony and peace.
Hail sacred tie! form'd by the secret hand
Of silent-working heaven. Nor art thou broke,
Tho' thro' the tremulous air the word "Farewell"
Hath breath'd its whispering accent on our ear.
Thou art not broke; witness those gentle tears

Which falling brighten'd many a manly cheek.
Yok'd with the wheels of Time day follows day,
Month follows month, and year succeeds to year,
Scattering the worm of canker in their course,
But while the spirit of Devotion breathes,
Thy mild attaching influence shall remain;
While Virtue lives thy tender form must stand
A link essential in the moral world,
The Father's pride, the Mother's ornament,
The Child's unconscious mind-engaging sway :
For, with thy smile, the immortal things of man,
His bliss, his hope, connected stand or fall.
Shine out bright sun of feelings such as these !
Be lasting as the mind's ethereal beam !
Cease not e'en with expiring nature's groan ! *
Cherish them youth ! age make them thy delight !
And you, the guardians of the moral tie,
Arm'd with the light and sevenfold shield of truth,
Looking to Him the meek and lowly one,
Inculcate in your lives their sacred glow :
So shall ye prove, amid opposing fire
When peril threatens and the foeman strikes,
A Nation's glory, ornament, and strength.

* The following extract, illustrative of this subject, is from an excellent work recently published by the Rev. John East, M. A. entitled "The Village."

"Long may the privilege be continued to our Village, and while the doctrine of salvation "drops as the rain and distils, like the dew," upon the souls of the hearers, may ministers and their congregations rejoice together in their common happiness and mutual hopes. Then

WESTMORLAND.

1.

Would you know that Eden, where
Nature's choicest beauties are?
Where her gentlest zephyrs blow?
Where her sweetest rivers flow
Mildly streaming? take your stand
Mid the Vales of Westmorland.

2.

Would you taste a thought sublime?
Leave her Vales, her Mountains climb.
View their huge-heads darkly lowering,
Lakes beneath, and torrents pouring
Tumbling awfully, as grand?
These are scenes of Westmorland.

when they shall all have passed into eternity, with what unutterable joy will they look back to the hours which they spent in expounding and hearing the word of God, and experiencing its blessing. The feebleness of our memory now soon looses hold of what for the time impresses our hearts. It will be one fruitful source of heavenly bliss, that our faculty of remembrance will then be renewed and perfected, so as to recall with exact fidelity, not only the prominent events of life, but even the history of our spiritual impressions and experience: as a molton mirror which has long been dimmed, and imperfectly performed its office, is repolished and rendered capable of reflecting every image with clearness and fidelity."

3.

Where is Genius? tell me where?
Hark! I hear her accents there.
Lo! she spreads her glowing wings,
Hovering where a *Wordsworth* sings,
Take the laurel at her hand;
Home of Genius, Westmorland.

4.

What is worth? Behold display'd
Her Sons by honest feelings sway'd.
First to wreath the child of rhyme,
First in valour, last in crime;
Manly, generous, social, bland:
Such are thine, O Westmorland!

5.

Search the world of beauty through
For loveliest forms of every hue:
Find the seat of chaste desire,
Lips of ruby, eyes of fire,
And you'll tell, as once you stand,
Beauty's home is Westmorland.

6.

I have heard the hunters' cry,
From the burst of spirits high
On a southern noon-gale borne;
But the voice, the hound, the horn,
Lack'd thy music-teeming land,
Seat of Echo, Westmoreland.

7.

Far, where eyes were new to mine,
Once I met a son of thine ;
Intently he gaz'd as we nearer drew,
And no wonder he did, 'twas a face he knew.
" My friend ! " he exclaimed, and his cheek was
flush'd
With a glow of surprise, and the bright tear rush'd
To the eyelids brim as he gave his hand,
And our hearts were both in Westmorland.

8.

I have felt it sweet at eve
To view the sprayless ocean heave,
Whilst the sun far shot his rays,
And the eye could rest upon the blaze,
And the breeze as it came the hush'd billows o'er
Was breathing its balm on the quiet shore ;
But sweeter were the gales which fann'd
My love and I in Westmorland.

9.

Little spot ! 'tis sweet to see
The eye of learning turn'd to thee ;
Others clothed in phrase sublime
May start a doubting creed in rhyme,
Thine have only felt the pride
With truth to labour side by side :
Snatching their brightness from her hue,
Their girdle and their weapon too.
Impregnable forever stand,
Shield of virtue, Westmorland.

WRITTEN ON READING

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
EYE OF BURNS THE POET.*

THAT was a moment, *Walter*, when the eye
Of Scotia's Genius cast a ray on thine
That might employ a pencil from the sky
To paint the glow alternately divine:
Tho' in description it but came to mine,
There seem'd a flash of such a soul-lit fire
That, were the heart in poesy supine,
Might with new energies its pulse inspire,
Call thoughts in embryo forth and wake their
dormant lyre.

It was a moment when that Bard of light,
But little deem'd on whom he glanc'd upon ;
So Cynthia, riding thro' the dun of night,
As little deems her rays shall be outdone
By the near lustre of a morning sun.
Ah! had he known how would his glowing mind
Have wak'd its raptures at the sight of one
Whose future genius a new world should find,
Where One alone must tread (great thought !) of all
mankind.

* The following is an extract of a letter written by the, now deeply lamented Baronet. (From the *Life of Burns*, in Constable's Miscellany.)—"As for Burns I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was

THE CLUSTER OF TWO.

I.

THERE is not a nut in that green-nut tree
That looks half so fair, half so lovely to me,
Or that hangs so inviting to view
As that one social bunch just approaching to brown,
And that seems not to wish for one more than its own ;
'Tis a sweet little cluster of two.

a lad of 15 in 1786-7 when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested with his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Burns in person was strong and robust ; his manners rustic, not clownish ; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Naysmith's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a sagacious country farmer of the old Scots school, i. e. none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the douce gudeman who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his linaments ; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such

2.

I have marked, when taking a three or a four,
That a part of their number were dead at the core
 Whilst their husks were all dying away ;
And the rest, as though life had but newly begun,
Were spreading their red-ripening heads to the sun,
 Quite regardless of those in decay.

3.

And again I have marked the single one,
And all drooping it seemed when gaz'd upon,
 And just ready to drop from its bell ;
But when broken, the sight wrought alarm I declare,
For the grub had made terrible ravages there,
 And had left little more than the shell.

4.

And what are those nuts—the large clusters I mean—
But near emblems of friendship? whose votaries
 keen,

another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were most learned of their time and country he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling."

Crowd too thick on one perilous stem ;
Whilst the single-ones, self-eaten-bachelors be,
Who serve but to harass and burthen the tree,
Including old maidens with them.

5.

Ye young men and fair ones, attend and be wise,
And the counsel intended pray never despise,
’Tis the best I can offer to you ;
If to Friendship and Love the young fancy incline,
Would you taste the felicity found at their shrine
O bend there in clusters of two !

THE WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

1.

WITHERED rose-bud, blighted flower,
The dew in vain shall wet thy leaf,
Thy head hath felt the bleak-winds power,
And bends—an emblem-form of grief.

2.

To think upon thy early bloom,
The freshness of thy red and green,
But sheds a deeper tinge of gloom
Around the wreck where they have been.

3.

The tender hand that rear'd thy stem
No more its early gems shall greet :
The humming fly that sang round them
Finds other leaflets for its feet.

4.

Yet here, e'en at the rose-bud's tomb,
Shall pensive sadness find relief ;
She gathers yet a sweet perfume,
And then she finds a smile in grief.

THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS.

A SONG.

1.

THE winds were loosen'd from their caves,
The torrent-falls were pouring,
The clouds of heaven were stretching out
With darkling aspect lowering.

2.

When Mary on the mountain-brow
Stray'd, for her lover calling ;
The dark storm thickening, deep around,
To all but her appalling.

4.

Stray wildly there, thou lonely thing,
Thou knowest not half thy sorrow ;

For thou a fearful tale shalt know
Before the dawn of morrow.

5.

The bitch-wolf bounding o'er the rocks
Surpris'd her lover sleeping,
And now bent o'er his mangled corse
The shepherd youths are weeping.

6.

Stray wildly there, thou lonely thing,
Thou know'st not half thy sorrow :
Ah! thine will be an aching heart
Before the dawn of morrow.

COLONIAL SLAVERY.

1.

OH! heard you that spirit-rent moan
As it came o'er the breast of the main?
'Tis the cry of the Slave,—with its soul-hitting tone;—
And it comes not in wailings of manhood alone:
The babe and the feeble-one speak in the groan
That ascends with the clank of the chain.

2.

Behold you that fair-looking man
By the breeze of the sugar-grove fann'd,
Who brandishes high the red lash in his van,
And who tearless has look'd on the blood as it ran?

He says that in Albion his race he began,
And he claims for his birth-place her land !

3.

His eyes are as dark as a cloud
Where the wrath of dread elements meet,
And the wreck of young feeling lies deep in their
shroud ;
The heart-springs are lock'd, save the base and the
proud ;
He will laugh at Misfortune's recital aloud,
Tho' a brother lay stretch'd at his feet.

4.

Oh ! is there a youth of the day
Shall equip for a mission like this ?
Who would leave the fair scenes of his boyhood
and play,
And give ear to the fiend for the glitter of pay,
Dissolving life's tender endearments away
At the time they should blossom with bliss ?

5.

Fie, fie on the wealth that is got
From the sweat of the goaded-one's brow,
That flows from young spirits borne down with
their lot :
The soil that upholds it shall groan with its rot,
And the Banner of Freedom shall wave o'er the spot,
And the time of its coming is now.

6.

Hark! what is that shout in the air
That comes like the swell of the sea?
That speaketh like Hope to the heart of Despair?
That echoes ten thousand young efforts of prayer?
'Tis the Voice of a Nation! (of justice aware)
And it cries, "LET THE NEGRO BE FREE!"

THE BRISTOL RIOTS.*

1.

THE chariot wheels were rattling to and fro,—
The pageantry of pomp had now begun,—
And Rashness lit up by a ray or so
Of reason's light, wav'd wildly o'er her Son,—
A fearful race He was about to run;
And many a one did wish that day was o'er:
So, from portentous signs, around the sun
We watch the thick clouds gathering more and
more,
Till comes the deluge-crash, the wild convulsive roar.

* These riots took place at Bristol, October 29th, 1831, on the occasion of Sir Charles Witherell (the Recorder) making a public entry into that city after the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Commons.

2.

The feast with buoyant spirit was prepar'd,
And tastefully the garnish'd meats were spread,
Sweet sounds of music in the hall were heard,
And brilliant were the lights within it shed,
When suddenly came on the shout of dread
Loud yelling, borne with wild impetuous speed;
Red flew the raging fire-brand overhead,
The city's pride fell crumbling at the deed,—
The iron pillars burst before it like a reed.

3.

It was the peaceful Sabbath-hour of prayer,
The wonted hour of love-diffusing light,
When, issuing forth with fierce unearthly glare,
The rabble rose, black, reeking from the night !
Again the fire-brand flew with horrid flight,
The fearful citizen appalled stood,
Crash follow'd crash, the sky gleam'd with affright ;
The blazing city flar'd upon the flood,
And told the hellish work of gluttony and blood !

4.

It was the hour of prayer. O sacred day!
Was e'er thy name dishonour'd thus before?
Could not the warm beams of thy sunny ray
Restrain awhile the foul infuriate roar ?
We've known men's moral feelings to run o'er
At thy approach, and dim the fiercest eye ;
But here the angry yell, the reek of gore,

The scream, the curse, the wail, the dying cry
In dread confusion mix'd, rush'd awful on the sky.

5.

Spirit of Evil! thou wert on the spot :
Behold the frightful havoc thou hast made ;
The wreck of wealth, the palace and the cot,
The human ashes in their ruins laid !
Behold the terrors of remorse upbraid
Thy rash unguarded sons, the widow's tear,
The orphan shrieking for a parent's aid ;
Behold a nation tremulous with fear,
And the wide-spreading waste of thy unlov'd career.

6.

Enough: thou busy demon of the night!
Fell, brooding parent of the brand and flame !
We want the eye of Peace forth-beaming light,
Instilling vigour in our moral frame.
Descend, thou glorious Being! and reclaim
Thy misled wanderers far gone astray,
Awake the blush of self-accusing shame,
Hold in thy hand a bright and shining ray,
And lead them forth again to industry and day.

ON THE CORONATION

OF THEIR MAJESTIES

KING WILLIAM IV. & QUEEN ADELAIDE.

1.

IN thy records, O Albion! thy days have been bright
As the stars that appear thro' the shadows of night;
And thy deeds of effulgence, in peace and in war,
Still blaze in the vision of nations afar.

2.

Thy high-crested Monarchs, with sword and with
shield,
Have reap'd themselves glory by ocean and field;
And full bright were the diadems over their brow—
But the best that e'er gemm'd thee shines over us now.

3.

O! rich are the blessings a Monarch imparts,
Whose choice is his people's, whose home is their
hearts:

That home is a rock and a fortress of power;
'Tis a whirlwind of strength in the perilous hour.

4.

See! the banners are spread, and the trumpeter's
sound
With the shout of the song shakes the welkin around;

Now let gratitude sweetly accord with the strains,
For 'tis William, the beacon of Majesty, reigns.

5.

On the wings of the morn a fair herald has flown
To the Isles of the West that were spots on the crown;
And there's brightness in eyes that with sadness
were dim,

For the fetters are struck from the manacled limb.*

6.

Lo! delight like a ray finds the hearts of the brave,
Who now boldly erect their stern fronts on the wave;
For the day of their scorn, with its canker, is fled
When the stripling might rise o'er the storm-
beaten head.

7.

Ah! where would'st thou go, fiend of infidel eyes?
Why attempt to uprear thy rash crest to the skies?
Dost thou deem the mild eye ever slumbering to be?—
There is hope of return—there is justice for thee. ‡

8.

Flow on, thou sweet stream of that life-giving fount
That healingly issues from Calvary's mount!
While the sceptre of William shall over us shine,
Our home is our fortress, our fig-tree and vine.

* Orders have been sent to emancipate all the Slaves which were the property of The Crown. *Lord Althorp's speech in the House of Commons, August, 1831.*

‡ This stanza was occasioned by the trials of Carlisle and Taylor, which took place about this time, and ended in the conviction of both for blasphemy.

9.

O "Green Isle of Ocean!" whose pastures among
Dwells the spirit of love and the magic of song,
We may hope there is gathering a cloud o'er thy sea
That shall break in a shower of fresh roses on thee.*

10.

From the North, from the South, from the East and
the West
There issues a voice, like the voice of one breast,
For the King and the Queen; and upborne is the
prayer
That a Crown still more glorious awaiteth them there!

* An allusion to the second appointment of his excellency the
Marquis of Anglesey as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.



WRITTEN ON THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR
ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUCHESS OF KENT
AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA

IN THE PRINCIPALITY OF
WALES,
WHEN COMING ON A VISIT TO CAMBRIA.

1.

HUSH'D had been the voice of song,
Time had o'er its spirit flung
The stillness of a dream ;
The mountain harp had silence kept,
Its tones had on the willow slept
As sleeps a polar stream.

2.

See the beacon-blazing lamp!
Hark the horses' martial tramp
The plaudit and the shout !
The arching wreathes rise green as May,
The banners stream upon WYNNSTAY
And mountain-tops about.

3.

The " Star of Brunswick " meekly high
Appears beneath a Cambrian sky,
Bright sparkling on its shore :

The kindling spirit wakes to song,—
The salute-thunder rolls along
With valley startling roar.

4.

The harp, the harp is heard again!
Loudly peals the loyal strain
By Cambrian breezes fann'd :
Its tones the sleeping hamlets shake,
And, with its impulse-starts, awake
The minstrels of the land.

5.

Bright-eyed Maid of Royalty!
Harp they? Yea, they harp for thee
As with a seraph's lyre:
They view their babes as though thine own,
And shed around thy hovering crown
A bright and holy fire.

6.

Hark again! another sound
Breaks sweetly from the hills around,
The voice of girlish mirth ;
It sings of what the eye has seen,
The smiling Mother, future Queen,
And triumphs in their birth.

7.

Long shall grateful bosoms feel
The glow, the energetic zeal
That marks this joyous hour ;

It is not couch'd in words alone,
It's temple is the spirit's throne—
'Tis love, 'tis hope, 'tis power.

LINES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AU-
THOR'S INFANT SON.

WELCOME, sunny time of year,
When fair and lovely things appear,
The "rippling runnels" round us flowing,
The garden-gems and roses blowing,
The evening sola-singing thrush
From out the rural hawthorn bush,
The vernal leaf, and blossom fair
Its fragrance rising in the air,
The lambkins on the mountains playing,
The cattle in the pastures straying,
The woodlands on the banks of Dee
Teeming with vocal melody
Proclaim the natal day of joy,
And breath of thine my cherub-boy ;
For thine was in the song-bird time,
The meadows' and the leaflets' prime,
When drizzly showers on summer-blooms
Awake their lightly-lock'd perfumes.

Intently, since, an eye on thee
Has mark'd thy budding infancy,
Thy dimpling hands and flickering feet,
Thy dreamy smiles and slumbers sweet,
The first impression-rays of light
Upon thy infant dawning sight,
Thy flutterless attention mute
To the near breathings of the lute,
Thy mother's tender fingers prest
Upon thy life-sustaining breast,
Thy little, blue, upturning eye
Feeding her gazing extacy,
And then again thy cupid form
Amid the morning's watery storm,
The whitening foam about thy ears,
Thy little eyelid-twinkling fears,
The joy at thy appearing teeth,
The dimple on thy chin beneath,
The lively laughing means to teach
The efforts of thy early speech,
The glee-shout at thy tottering tread,
When by a parent's finger led.

These, and a thousand more, have been
The infant charms that eye has seen ;
And fancy on her ardent wing
Has made thee still a lovelier thing:
To her thy future form appears
Fast rising to the bloom of years ;

Beyond the reach of folly blind—
Blight of the germinating mind—
She sees thee in the spring of youth,
Pacing the sunny realms of truth,
Strong in the growing strength of thought,
By probity and science taught,
Or snatching with the muse's eye,
Some glowing spanglet of her sky,
While gathering early round thy name
Are rays of love, and e'en of fame :
For HOPE will ne'er discern a blot
Upon her future radiance-spot:
She sees thee by thy parents treading,
The dayspring of thy duty shedding,
Impell'd at every step to prove
A sonlike gratitude and love.
Should sickness threaten round their cup
To drink the vital current up,
Hope sees thy hand beneath the frown
Smoothing their latest pillow down,
And there, when in their earthly bed,
She marks thy silent frequent tread,
And on their rural quiet grave
Sees flowers of every season wave.
But, baby dear, 'tis now the prime,
The very life of joyous time ;
Thy romping little birth-day band
Are running ringlets hand in hand :

Bound thee, bound thee, little thing,
 Turn thee where the voices sing,
 Hark! thy mother joins the call,
 Thrilling thro' the sounding hall—
 “Harper! harper! come away, }
 Mirth is ready, all is gay, }
 Happy and as young as *May*.” }

HARVEST HOME.

BRIGHT has been the cheering sun:
 Lo! the reaper's work is done.
 Hark! it is their harvest-shout
 Rings the merry vales about.
 See upon the rising banks
 Form in love-inspiring ranks
 Where the rural groups advance
 Mingling in the rustic dance,
 Waking every minstrel hand,
 Shouting “welcome” through the land.
 Gather, youths, the spirits up
 Drain the overflowing cup.
 All a benefit derives—
 Drink to husbands,—sweethearts,—wives.
 Some may start a vocal storm
 Round the standard of Reform ;

Sounds may gather strength afar
'Mid the thunder-crush of war;—
Your's the festal joy must be,
Harp'd by native minstrelsy,
And the voice that floats along
Shall meet an echo to its song.

Though along the orchard plains
Languidly Pomona reigns,
Ceres smiles; her spreading wings
Round your mirth an halo flings:
Plumed with hope, she soars on high,
And bears your gladness to the sky.

Now the disencumbered plain
Spreads its stubble-breast again,
In whose harbour, thickly bristling,
Coveys undisturbed lie nestling;
With Aurora's early tints
Come with copper-caps and flints;
Early come, again I ask;
Bring the pellet-belt and flask,
Setters, too, but not to quarrel,
Pocket-horn and double-barrel;
Stilton ripe, and ham from York,
Russia tongue and German pork.
Furnish'd thus, with spirits gay,
Let us to the fields away.

Pause awhile, and there shall be
The Nimrod cry of mountain glee,

Opening with the blushing morn,
Shouting to the hunter's horn.
Tell us not, with rueful face,
Of the death-inflicting chase;
Of the swamps and rocky steeps,
Torrent floods, and peril leaps.
Let us have the hunter's bound,
Flying horse and pealing hound,
Music-tones that never cloy:—
This is pastime! this is joy!

“H A R K A W A Y.”

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

1.

WHEN young, I for music would run up and down
To concerts and all the fam'd haunts of the town:
I heard the grand chorus, the catch and the glee,
But somehow this was not the music for me.

2.

The harp and the viol are sweet to the ear,
And the tones of the spring-birds sound mellow
and clear;
But where is the joy of their harmony, say?
When the valley-cry comes from the woods—“Hark
away!”

3.

The warrior, whose great heart swells high with
the sound
That thunders afar from the conflict around,
Still feels a fresh spark in his bosom to play
When the early horn wakes to the cry—"Hark
away!"

4.

Have you seen the young horse in his pasture at ease,
When the cry of the hunters came borne on the
breeze?
Then you've mark'd the quick impulse, the snort,
and the neigh,
As he sprang to the blood-stirring cry—"Hark
away."

5.

One Orpheus, they tell us, with harp and with song
Could e'en make the wild rocks come dancing along;
But had the pack pass'd by, where Orpheus did play,
His audience had rush'd to the cry—"Hark away!"

6.

When wide o'er the country the bold-hunters go,—
The pack in full tune, and themselves in a row;
It is pleasing to see the milk-damsels so gay,
With their light-footed bound at the cry—"Hark
away."

7.

In his fold, when the husbandman hears the glad
sound
Ringing loud from the hills and the vallies around,

He tears off the plough-gear, bestrides the "old
grey,"

And from his full heart bursts the cry—"Hark
away!"

8.

Yea, this is the music whose tones can inspire
The breast with fresh ardour, the blood with new fire;
The bright eye of youth beams a vigorous ray,
Old age drops the crutch at the cry—"Hark away!"

9.

Ye sportsmen so noble! ye generous throng!
Who love to be shouting the vallies among,
May the bowl of your bliss overflow every day,
And felicity crown your last shout—"Hark away!"

THE STEWARD & TOM OF SHAMBRAWERN :

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Twas the season when people begin to make hay,
And the young birds just fledg'd 'gin to perch on the
spray,

When the fruit-yielding orchards their treasures disclose
And the morning-dew shines on the cap of the rose,
When the farmer all joyous his evening-walk takes
To survey a blithe peasantry plying their rakes,

That a Steward whose efforts were never delay'd
To fulfil in all points every promise he made ;
Who, tho' not so clever as some, was as big,
And had got 'neath his hat something more than his wig ;
Who, in fine, was right honest ; and what is most true
Was belov'd, and "nay start not" was affable too.
Observing the clouds at a distance to lower,
Which threaten'd to deluge the fields with a shower,
And seeing the folks to their hay-meadows flocking,
Sent word to his rakers to go on with cocking.

They began in a trice, as the story we learn ;
And among them was seen Tom Shambrawern.
Now Tom, though deem'd silly, was more of a cheat,
His sayings were shrew'd and with humour replete ;
His merry jokes oft sent a shout through the air,
And none would rake more should the Bottle be there.
Wide over the meadows the haymakers spread ;
But Tom, who had got a droll whim in his head,
Oft casting a look at the empty canteen,
Made up such a hay-cock as seldom is seen :
In size it resembled a little oak tree ;
Some say it outmeasur'd a buoy on the sea ;
And others there are will declare it as soon,
That in bulk 'twas more like an inflated balloon.
He made up another, but not quite so round,
And a third, somewhat smaller—all on the same ground.
The Steward came up and said, "Bless me! what now?
"This baffles my latest experience I vow :
" You silly old man, can you tell me for why
" You have made up a hay-cock thus monstrously high?

“ Good gracious ! ” he utter’d, ’tis more like a stack : ”
Then gave a broad hint, as he turned his back,
That such conduct should certainly meet with the *sack*.
“ Please your Honor,” quoth Tom, “ list a moment I pray,
“ And my plan you shall know for the making of hay.
“ ’Tis said, and I oft think the saying is true,
“ That men should have what to their stations be due :
“ So I made this big hay-cock, good Steward, for you ;
“ And this,” he observ’d, “ which is not quite so tall,
“ For the fat little Bailiff who lives at the Hall ;
“ And this, but I bow for not making it higher,
“ Was form’d of the rakings, and made for the ’Squire :
“ Excuse me,” quoth Tom, “ ’tis not mine to bestow it,
“ I mean ’tis the ’Squires if you will allow it.”
Enough ! the good Steward no more nonsense would take,
But instantly bounding, he seized a rake.
Tom, guessing at what such a symptom reveals,
Laid hold of his jacket and took to his heels.
High swollen with ire the offended declar’d,
Not one bone in the scoundrel’s skin should be spar’d ;
And the rest, who from laughter could scarcely refrain,
Were threaten’d the like should they giggle again.

The rain now descending prevented a riot,
Dispersed the rakers and clos’d all in quiet.

WONDERS IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

A TALE.

It happen'd one evening, just after a chase,
 That a party of sportsmen came into the place
 Where I sat, with the news of the day in my gripe,
 And a pot of good cwwr at hand and a pipe.
 Full charg'd with the game, all at once they began,
 To recount each achievement of greyhound and man ;
 But what form'd the point which all others surpass'd
 Was the one that gave each the superlative cast ;
 The first wonder told was *the secret of spying* ;
 And then came the leaping, the turning, the flying :
 Not Munchausen himself, who went up to the Moon,
 Could have topp'd e'en one half of the fences so soon.
 "Young Smoker," roar'd one, "*knows the way* how to
 win :
 "*His equal this hour is not wrap'd in a skin.*"—
 "Hold there !" cried a blood with his purse-string un-
 furl'd,
 "*This here dog shall run ever a dog in the world :*
 "He's game, Sir, *he knows how to tackle a dike,*
 "And shall run *that 'ere dog* for what ever you like."
 "Pshaw! nonsense!" another bawl'd lustily out,
 "You talk, but what is it you're talking about,
 "*Old Charley's the breed,* any wager I'll lay
 "He kills more *in an hour* than you'll shoot *in a day.*"

Bob Bounceable, catching his darling word—shoot,
Declar'd that his barrel should ever be mute
If he did not bring more real game to the ground
Than *ever a man* in the neighbourhood round.
He swore by his flints a new piece he had got
That would kill *no one knows what amount* at a shot;
For no longer ago than that evening he went,
A covey got up, and right at them he sent,
Lots fell, tho' he stood full *fourscore yards* behind 'em,
And he said the first thing the next morning he'd find 'em.
“Not a doubt,” cried Bill Eclipse, “I once knew a case
“As like that as may be not far from this place:
“I shot—but the distance was *fourscore and ten*—
“Some fell dead on the spot and some ran up the glen;
“But what was most strange, my prime bitch from the
South

“*Brought all the birds home the next day in her mouth.*”

A stranger observ'd, who sat biting his thumb,
“That sporting to wonderous perfection had come;
“And he'd say, what he oft had been thinking upon,
“‘Twere as easy to kill *with both eyes shut as one.*”
“You are right, Sir,” Jack Ramrod declar'd in a trice,
“As to *sight-taking matters he never was nice*;
“For once, whilst his piece o'er *his shoulder* he'd got,
“He let drive, and, my eye! 'twas a 'deuce of a shot,
“For when he went back there lay *five* on the green
“Of the *finest* cock-pheasants *that ever* were seen.
“And once, *which was still more peculiar,*” he said,
“He heard something like snipes cry ‘*escape*’ o'er his
head;

“He struck at his flint, just like striking a docket,
“He felt, and a brace had *dropp’d into his pocket.*”

Job Slyboots, who sat by the wing of the fire,
To tell them a tale now express’d his desire :
“He said that himself and his brother one day
“Went out a duck-shooting, as many folks may ;
“And anon, from a spot where green-bulrushes crowd
“*Some thousands* of ducks rose aloft, *like a cloud* ;
“In an instant,” said Job, “we sent into their train,
“When, lo! they came *showering round us like rain* ;
“We next,” he observed, “got a number of strings,
“And tied all the birds in a bunch by their wings ;
“This done in the presence of many beholders,
“I took and I strapp’d them on Benjamin’s shoulders ;
“But, woeful mishap! like the spring of a knife
“They started, and suddenly *sprang into life.*
“Amazing! I cried, for that moment—’tis true—
“They went off, and away with my brother they flew!
“And the very last time that these gazing eyes saw him
“His legs o’er the top of yon mountain were going!”
Job finishing thus some seem’d wrap’d in surprise,
Whilst some almost seem’d to eat Job with their eyes:
But all were aware, nay declar’d by their king,
They ne’er before heard of so marvelous a thing.

FINIS.



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OBSERVATIONS
IN
SURGERY AND PATHOLOGY:

ILLUSTRATED BY CASES,
AND BY THE
TREATMENT OF SOME OF THE MOST
IMPORTANT SURGICAL AFFECTIONS.

BY
WILLIAM JAMES CLEMENT,
SURGEON.

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